

Doxology: God . . . tell me how

by [Psalmuel Benjamin](#) in the [January 26, 2022](#) issue

“you created a language for the deaf, yet, you talk to them and they hear you . . . you are amazing. You created a pathway for the blind, yet you lead them, and they honor you. . .



—Okopi Peterson

Beyond the beyond, you lurk behind the start
Of the times. Mystery is the skin that wraps
Your body (if you have one). In the pillar of
Cloud and the blazing bush, we heard you speak.
Like imprints, your footpaths are engraved on
The faces of rocks. Horeb said he accommodated you
And Nebo testifies to your visit. Red Sea said
your finger tickled a parting across like a barber's
Clipper and like the wall of Jericho, permit you.
If I get you looking at me, God!
I'll chat you with a billion lips of "how?" How?
After *Okopi*, did you pass life as a gas into the
Cave of Adam's nose? A statue for multiplication.
And how did you carve him? Like an artist, you are?
A sculptor? Perhaps, a form-er. Perhaps, a build-er
Yet, your name isn't Bob but a beautiful bard
You are. As a create-or. Tell me something, God!
Dear God, tell me how. How did you wire the
Bulbs you affixed on the chest of this vast
Canopy that marks the parting between you
And Cosmos? How did you put the bright smile
On the face of the sun and the dim fluorescence
As the countenance of the moon? How did you
Levitate land from the belly of the deep? When

After the fish, we fry for food and maggots munch
On man, will you hold me by hand and survey
Your cubicle to tell me how?